

Hades #8596

Restorers, Target - *The Screeching Osprey*

Vindicator-class Heavy Cruiser *Phoenix*  
Just outside of the Doran System

“Sir, she’s starting her descent. Estimated time on deck, forty two minutes.” The Operations officer reported on the bridge of the *Phoenix*. This vital information was also piped into Hades’ helmet as he sat in a BTL-A4 Y-Wing starfighter in the *Phoenix*’s hangar bay.

“Acknowledged. Confirm hyperspace trajectory Alpha and Bravo.” Hades requested. Several seconds slipped by before confirmation was given. This is the final check in a plan that is both hasty as well as necessary. As Hades finishes with the last of his checklist he switches his attention to his IFF transponder. That stands for Identify Friend Foe, basically it lets everyone know around you who you are which each ship can then designate each other ships as a friendly or an enemy target. It is an essential component of fleet tactics as it is in law enforcement or security situations. But in the middle of the battle, it is vital. But it is also possible to spoof or give a false IFF transponder code. And doing so is central to Hades’ plan.

After the first intelligence reports were gathered regarding the Tenixir forces that were coming to play in this battle, several people noticed that the Tenixir forces had an affinity for what Hades still refers to as the “alphabet fighters” used by the Rebels. So much so that a plan started to form around that theory.

“This is Falcon 9 to control. Good to go. Departing hangar.” Hades said into the comm unit on his helmet. The Y-Wing lifted off of the hangar deck and began to move forward and down, out of the hanger bay of the Vindicator. As he cleared the bow of his command ship, he already had the first set of hyperspace coordinates locked in the navicomputer. This was the site of the first skirmish of the war between the Principate and Tenixir forces. The first fleet engagements in this battle involved Tenixir forces using Y-Wings in an attempt to destroy a Principate cruiser. Several of the Y-Wings were destroyed or damaged before the Tenixir forces withdrew towards the planet of Dandoran to join forces with other ships of their fleet already in orbit. Part one of the plan is to arrive at that location and hope the Principate forces, especially the Restorers, have moved closer to Dandoran. Nothing to do now but cross some fingers. Hades pulls back the lever for Hyperspace activation as the Y-Wing accelerates into hyperspace.

The micro jump lasts just over a second. The stars streaked by into normal as Hades conducts a quick scan of his immediate surroundings. A Restorer's corvette is just over 10 clicks away to his starboard side. He is immediately targeted by the ship's weapons systems but is just out of range for effective fire. Hades accelerates his ship to full power and banks to port towards Dandoran. The blue and green planet is still small in his viewport.

As his astromech finalizes the hyperspace trajectory that would put them in the middle of the Tenixir fleet Hades readies himself for combat. This is a place he has been so very many times in his life, from the Empire to the Emperor's Hammer to the Dark Brotherhood. A lot of those times have been in the cockpit of a starfighter, be it mostly TIE Interceptors and TIE Defenders. He takes a final scan of his sensors, making sure his immediate surroundings are clear, before closing his eyes and taking a deep breath.

"May the Force guide my hands and my mind in what I must do. Let my reactions be swift and accurate. May my mind be clear of doubt and laser focused on what I must do." Hades opens his eyes as the astromech chirps confirmation of their hyperspace trajectory.

"Hold onto your butts.." he whispers as he microjumps the Y-Wing forward.

As soon as he exited hyperspace half a second later warnings began to sound in his cockpit. Multiple ships were targeting him. A Tenixir frigate lay directly in his path. With a quick pull of the flight stick he was up and over the starship. Rolling right side up he scanned the battle before him and found his prey, *The Screeching Osprey*. The Quasar-Fire class carrier was making its way towards the planet and was just minutes away from reaching the upper atmosphere. Several of the ship's starfighters were screening the vessel from enemy attack, and seemed to be doing an effective job. Quickly he flips a few special switches in his cockpit and smoke begins to pour out of a few areas of his Y-Wing's fuselage to recreate combat damage. Turning his comms unit to captured Tenixir channels he hits the transmit button.

"Mayday, Mayday! This is Falcon 9 requesting emergency landing clearance. Heavy damage! Need to set down and save the ship. Any ship please respond!"

To their credit, several ships do respond to his distress call. Thankfully, the *Osprey* was one of them. He smirks before transmitting again.

"*Screeching Osprey*, you're big enough to handle this baby. I'm going to set her down, clear me a spot!"

"Roger, Falcon 9. Starboard pad waiting on you. Hurry before we reach atmo. Welcome back you lucky devil."

"Acknowledge! Falcon 9, out." Hades winced. *Oh crap, I wonder if the Falcon Y-Wing squadron is based off that ship. That might complicate matters some.*

Hades rolls the large fighter to starboard to avoid some fire from Restorer's TIE Fighters. Ironically, a trio of A-Wings from the *Screeching Osprey* pop up on his six and clear his tail of friend/enemy fighters before giving him an escort towards his target. Oh the irony.

The Y-Wing arrives at the carrier as the A-Wings peel off. Before him is indeed a cleared area to land. Maneuvering the starfighter aptly, he quickly lands the fighter. He turns to his left and shuts down his port engine but sets up the right to overload in two minutes. He also communicates directly with his slaved astromech.

"Begin countdown. 120 seconds. Mark." a beep in confirmation was all he received as a response. He pops the canopy and hears a voice in front of him.

"Nine! You asshole! I thought you bought it!" Hades sees a young woman running towards him. *Are those tears? Well... Crap. Plan B it is.* Falcon 9 seems to have belonged to this woman's significant other. Tough break. Hades scans the deck and sees a Z-95 with its cockpit open and its engines running. Making a mental note of it he propels himself out of the cockpit onto the hangar deck.

"Jacco! Come here...." The woman with the now outstretched arms falls silent as Hades stands to his full height before her. Her eyes go wide with a combination of shock and realization as it sets in that this is not her Jacco. But as her mouth begins to catch up with her mind a purple lightsaber dissects her torso, halves falling both forward and backward. A shout to his left draws his attention. A deck worker sees what has happened and yells out for security while pointing at Hades. The Sith Warlord reaches out with the Force and pushes the worker 15 feet back through the Macon field and out into space, silencing him forever.

75 Seconds.

A blaster bolt wizzes by his head. Then another. Bringing up his lightsaber he begins to deflect blaster shots from the ever increasing number of security troopers in the hangar bay. He needs a distraction. Using his left hand while his right deflects with his saber, Hades pulls up his handheld comm unit to contact the astromech. "Fire the ship's lasers!"

A second later the red laser bolts shoot out into the ship's interior, scattering the security troopers instantly. Wasting no time Hades leaped into the open Z-95 cockpit and closed it. Securing the straps he lifts off and out of the carrier. He turns off his IFF transponder as he makes his way out of the heavy area of fighting. Onboard the Y-Wing, once the timer reaches zero the full complement of proton torpedoes that were wired together explode. The resulting detonation disintegrated half of the carrier in a brilliant blue shower of flame and death. The rest of the carrier exploded in due course.

As Hades finishes the last of his Hyperspace jump back towards his starship he smiles. One down, many to go.